

# THE Earl of Pembroke's S P E E C H TO THE House of Peers ;

When the *Seven Lords* were accused of High-Treason.

*Copia Vera.* Mich. Oldsworth.

*My Lords,*

**Y**OU know I seldom make Speeches ; yet (my Lords) *Every thing would fain live* ; and now I must either find a Tongue, or lose my Head. I am accused, For sitting here when your Lordships fled to the Army : Alas, my Lords, I am an Old Man, I must sit ; you may ride or run any whither, but I am an Old Man. You Voted them Traitors who left the House, and went to *Tork* ; they told us then, they were forc'd away by Tumults : Do not you say so too ? Were they Traitors for going, and am I a Traitor for staying ? 'sDeath, my Lords, what would you have me do ? Hereafter I'll neither go nor stay. I have served you seven Years ; what have you given me, unless part of a Thanksgiving Dinner, for which you made me fast once a Month ? I was fed like a Prince at the King's Court, twice every Day, long before some of you were born ; and this King continu'd, nay, out-did his Father in heaping Favours upon me ; yet (for your sakes) I Renounced my Master when he had most need of me, Voted against him, Swore against him, hired Men to fight against him ; I confess I my self never struck at him, nor shot at him, but I pray'd for those that did : I gave my Tenants their Leases Fine-free, if they would rise and resist the King ; and yet, my Lords, after all this, must I be a Traitor ? Have I not sworn for you over and over again ? You sent me on your Errands to *Oxford*, to *Uxbridge*, to *Newcastle*, to *Holndenby* ; you hurried me up and down as if I had been a King ; you made me carry a world of Propositions ; I brought them all safe and sound ; what you bid me say, I spake to a Syllable ; and had the King ask'd me how old I was, without your Commission I should not have told him ; and yet, my Lords, I am an Old Man. Remember how I stuck to you against *Strafford* and *Canterbury* ; some of you shrunk at *Strafford's* Tryal, so that your Names were like to be posted for Malignants ; and for *Canterbury*, many of you would have had him live : My Lord of *Northumberland* and others would have a Hand in his Blood ; but I gave you the *Casting Voice* that sent him packing into another World, and yet now would you send me after him ? Have I not sat with you

early and late ? When the Parliament tumbled and tumbled, and roll'd it self on this side and on that side, still I was for the Parliament : Though I staid here with Presbyterian Lords, yet when you return'd I was firm to you. All the other Lords left you in the House, when Sir *Thomas Chaplin* gave Thanks for your Return ; but I staid and pray'd with you, and am (for ought I know) as great an Independent as any of you all. I Rejoyced with you, Fasted, Sung Psalms, Pray'd with you, and hereafter will Run away with you : Nay, I had done it now ; but who knew your Minds ? If you meant I should follow you, why did you not wink upon me ; think you I could run away by Instinct ? My Lords, you know I love Dogs, and (though I say it) I thank God I have as good Dogs as any Man in *England*. Now, my Lords, if a Dog follow me when I do not call him, I bid him *be gone* ; if I call him, and he comes not, then I beat him ; but if I beat him for not coming, when I never called him, you'll think me mad. 'sDeath, my Lords, *'Tis a poor Dog is not worth the Whistling*.

But perhaps my Fault is not meer staying here, but being active in your Absence ; because in my Robes and Collar of SS I brought up Mr. *Pelham*, the Commons new Speaker. Why, what if I did ? Is not Mr. *Pelham* my own Cousin ; would your Lordships have me uncivil to my Kindred ? Why, might not I entertain the new Speaker, as well as Sir *Robert Harley* entreat us to admit him ? Mr. *Pelham* is none of Sir *Robert's* Cousin, and yet Sir *Robert* is an Old Man.

I hear, some say that I was forward to begin a new War ; That my Hand is to all the Warrants for Lifting Men and Horse, and in order thereunto I Voted His Majesty should come to *London*. 'Tis true, (my Lords) I did give my Vote for the King's coming hither ; But wherefore was it ? 'Twas only to chuse a new Speaker. What, would ye have us dumb, and sit here like Ferrets ? My Lords, I love to hear Men speak ; and all the Lawyers told me, *No King, no Speaker* ; That either the Commons must name their Speaker, and the King approve him ; or the King name him, and the Commons approve him. *No King, no Speaker* : And so I was for the King, that is, for the Speaker.

Then

Then (my Lords) observe the Manner of his Com-  
ing: The King was to come according to the *Covenant*;  
mark ye that. I was still for my *Oaths*: Let him come  
when he will, if the *Covenant* fetch him, he had as good  
stay away: And yet Men cry shame on the *Covenant*.  
Those that took it, cast it up again; and those that re-  
fuse it, have given a world of Arguments that it is un-  
reasonable; which Reasons our Assembly (like a Com-  
pany of Rascals) never yet answer'd. I know, my  
Lords, many of our Friends never took this Oath; but  
they refused it out of meer Confidence: Shall Malig-  
nants Consciences be as tender as ours? Why, what do  
they think our Consciences are made of? But, my  
Lords, suppose this Oath be unreasonable: Can we do  
nothing, but we must give Reason for't? This is as bad  
as the House of Commons; who, when we deny to pass  
any Ordinance, presently send to know our Reasons,  
though themselves give no Reasons for demanding ours.  
And so Malignants would have *Reasonable Oaths*; only  
here's the Difference; the House of Commons do use to  
demand Reasons, and Malignants desire to be suffer'd  
to give Reasons. My Lords, I love not this giving of  
Reasons, though I hold the *Covenant* is extrem reasonable;  
for as some Malignants take it to have their *Estates*,  
so we give it to make them lose their *Estates*; both love  
the *Estate*, and both hate the *Covenant*. Thus, my Lords,  
we have Reason for this Oath, and your Lordships have  
no Reason to make me a Traitor, while I give my Vote  
according to the *Covenant*.

As for Signing Warrants to raise a new Army, I  
wonder you'll speak of it. Have not you all done it  
a hundred times? How many Reams of Paper have we  
subscrib'd to raise Forces for *King and Parliament*?  
Th' well known I can scarce write a Word besides my  
Name? Can't a Man write his own Name, without  
losing his Head? If I must give Account for what I  
set my Hand to, *Lord have Mercy upon me*. I see now  
my Grandfather was a wise Man, he could neither write  
nor read; and happy for me were I so too. Come, come,  
my Lords, be plain, and tell me, do I look like one  
that would raise a new War? I must confess, I love a  
good Army, but if there be none till I raise it, *Soldiers*  
of *Fortune* may change their Names. No, my Lords,  
twas not I, twas the *Flowch Members* would have raised  
a War. You see they were guilty, by their Running  
away: I neither ran with them, nor with you; I don't  
like this running away, I love to stay by it: And whether  
was for War, I that staid in Town, or you that  
went to an Army. The Devil a Horse did I lift, but  
in my new Coach, nor used any Harnesse, but my Col-  
lar of SS; and will you for this clap me in the Tower?  
You sent me thither six Years since, but for handling  
a Standish, and now you'll commit me for writing my  
Name: What, my Lords, do you hate Learning? Can  
you not end nor begin a Parliament without sending  
me to the Tower? Do your Lordships mean to make  
me a Lord Mayor? If I needs must go, pray send me  
home to *Byrnards-Castle*, or *Durham-House*; a damnable  
Fire burnt my House at *Wilton* just that Hour I mov'd  
your Lordships to drive Malignants out of London. But  
why to the Tower? Am I Company for Lions? Do  
you think me a Caramountain, fit to be thwenn through  
a Grate for Two-pence? No, my Lords, keep the  
Tower for Malignants; they can endure it; some of  
them have been Prisoners seven Years; they can feed  
upon bare Allegiance, please themselves with Dis-  
courses of Confidence, of Honour, of a Righteous Cause,  
and I know not what; but what's this to me? How  
will these Malignants look upon me? Nay, how shall  
I look upon them? I confess some of them love my  
Son's Company; they say he's more a Gentleman, and

has Wit: 'sDeath, my Lords, must I now turn Gen-  
tleman? I thought I had been a Peer of the Realm;  
and am I now a Gentleman? Let my Son keep his Wit,  
his poor Father never got Two-pence by his Wit. Alas,  
my Lords, what Hurt can I do you? Or what Good will  
it do you to have my Head? I am but a Ward; my  
Lord *Say* hath dispos'd of me this seven Years: I am  
no Lawyer, though the *Littletons* call me Cousin; I am  
no Scholar, though I have been their Chancellor; I  
am no Statesman, though I was a Privy Counsellor. I  
know not what you mean by the *Three Estates*: Last June  
the Army demanded a Release for *Lilburn*, *Musgrove* and  
*Overton*; I thought they had been the Three. I thank  
God I have a good Estate of my own, and I have the  
Estate of my Lord *Bayning's* Children, and I have my  
Lord of *Carnarvan's* Estate; these are my *Three Estates*,  
and yet, my Lords, must I to the Tower? Consider,  
we are but a few Lords left; come, let's love and be  
kind to one another: The Cavaliers quarrell'd among  
themselves, beat one another, and lost all; let us be  
wiser, my Lords; for had we fallen into their Condi-  
tion, my Conscience tells me, we had look'd most wo-  
fully.

I perceive, your Lordships begin to think better of  
me; and you would quit me, if I were not charged by  
the *Agitators* and *General Council of the Army*. How,  
*Agitator*, 'sDeath, what's that? Who ever heard that  
Word before? I understand *Classical*, *Provincial*, *Con-  
gregational*, *National*; but for *Agitator*, it may (for  
ought I know) be a Knave not worth Three Pence.  
If *Agitators* cut Noblemens Throats, you'll find the  
Devil has been an *Agitator*. As for the *General Council*,  
I hate the Name of it, 'tis old and naught, and used to  
be full of Bishops: Those Fellows have troubled us  
ever since the Apostles time; I thought we had made  
them poor enough, and is their Name come again to  
torment me? My Lords, I understand not these *General  
Councils*; those of old (they say) were Christians,  
and these are *Independents*: What a damnable deal of  
*General Councils* have I *General Assembly* of the *Army*;  
*General Council of the Army*; we never had quies House  
since we had so many *Generals*. Well, my Lords, these  
are hard Times, and we make them worse with hard  
Words, which neither we nor our Forefathers under-  
stood. Heretofore Bishops went *Jure Divino*; then Bi-  
shoppers would be *Jure Divino*; and now *Agitators* would  
be *Jure Divino*: (Dam me) I think nothing *Jure Divino*  
but God. Call you this a *Thorough Reformation*? My  
Lords, if these *Agitators* must Rule the Kingdom, why  
are not we our selves *Agitators*? Why may not I make  
*Oldworth* an *Agitator*? His Abilities and Honesty are  
equal to most of 'em; But, for ought I see, *Agitators*  
will sooner be Earls of *Pembroke* and *Montgomery*, than  
we *Agitators*. For the Parliament leads the People; the  
Army leads the Parliament; Sir *Thomas* leads the Ar-  
my; *Cromwell* leads Sir *Thomas*; *Ireton* leads *Cromwell*;  
*Agitators* will lead *Ireton*; whether the Devil shall we all  
be lead at last?

My Lords, you see I have spoke my Mind: I hope  
every Week some of your Lordships will do the like;  
and the Commons in this (though in nothing else) will  
follow the House of Peers.

But I have done, I have done, my Lords; I remem-  
ber, I beseech you, that I am an Old Man; I have been  
Grandfather time out of mind, (for I was so when  
this Parliament began) and now must I be Rood for  
*Agitators*: O my Lords, I have used the King so ill,  
and he lov'd me so well; and I have serv'd you so well,  
and you use me so ill, that no Man is sorry for me.  
Therefore my Request is, that you would not think of  
sending me to the Tower, till somebody pities me.